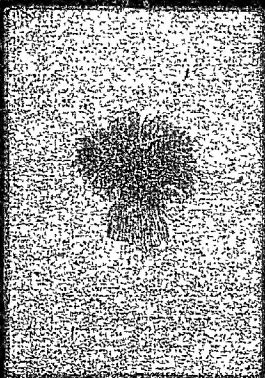


HOME LIFE
OF WOMEN IN
WESTERN
CANADA



Pam 971.2
C212ho



HOME LIFE OF WOMEN IN WESTERN CANADA

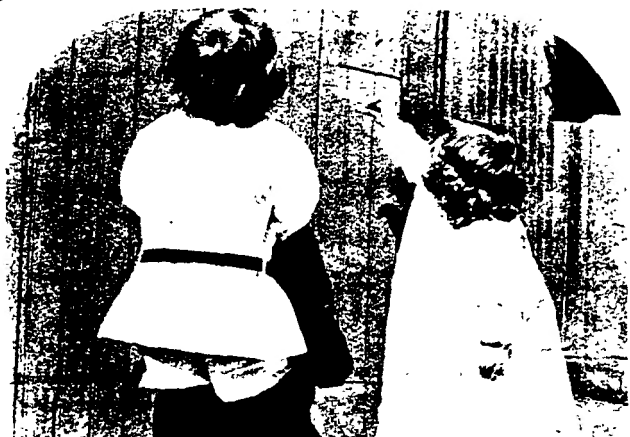


Issued by
THE CANADIAN PACIFIC
RAILWAY COMPANY

1907



68.8.23/5



"PRAIRIE FLOWERS "



HOME LIFE OF WOMEN IN WESTERN CANADA



HOW SUCCESS HAS FOLLOWED THE
EFFORTS OF WOMEN WORKERS



HIS booklet has but one purpose in view: to place before its readers a simple pen picture of daily life as it is lived by the farm wives of the great Canadian West. Any impression that life on a Canadian prairie farm means unceasing drudgery is incorrect; and a visit to various farm homes will reveal the existence of a wonderful spirit of buoyancy, almost incredible returns in cash reward for pioneer labor, and men and women who have long passed life's meridian still actively engaged in service—but it is a service of home love and home building.

One hundred and sixty acres is considered a small farm in Western Canada. This is a homestead grant, is free and any "head of a family," man or woman, may secure it upon application to the Canadian Government. In pioneer days the log shack sheltered; but to-day fine buildings of brick and stone replace the settlers' shanties, and within farm walls you find even luxurious comforts.

The farm housewife is a busy woman—she is also

capable. In the morning busy at her churn making butter, picking and packing eggs, pruning fruit bushes, weeding the garden, feeding or "dressing" poultry for market, cultivating flowers, getting meals and keeping house. In the afternoon you may meet the same lady dressed in

a city model gown, driving her horse towards town, her vehicle piled high with fruits from farm acres, and if you follow her to shop or market place you will discover her shrewdly bartering her wares for manufactured necessities.



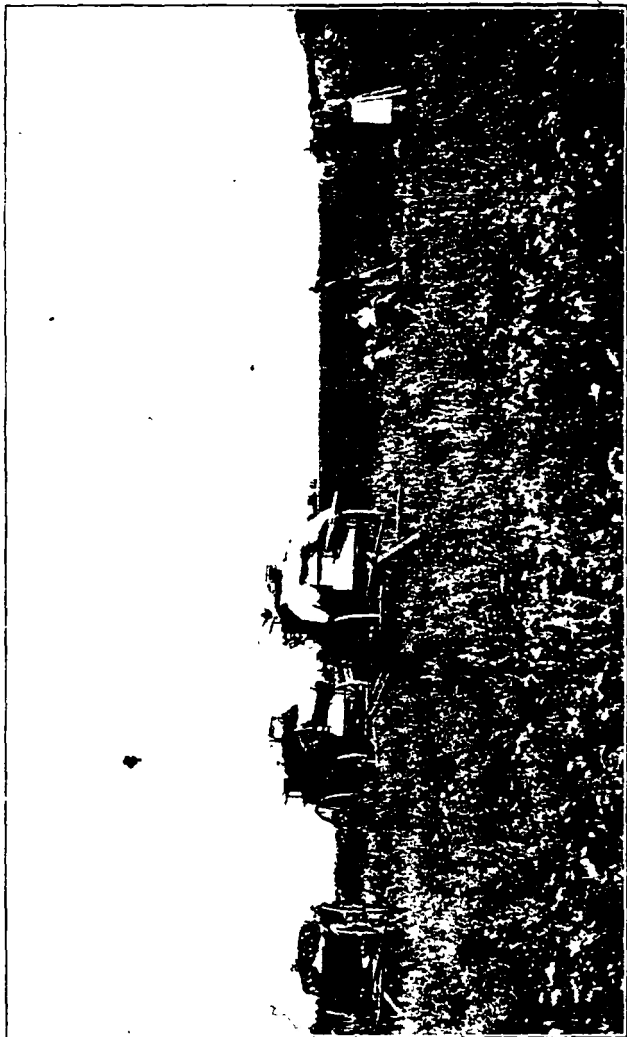
SINGLE FURROW BECOMES A FIELD

The same pair of hands, busy in the morning with the butter pat, may in the afternoon guide the embroidery needle, or with palette and brush reproduce a local bit of color.

The Programme of a Year

Spring opens up in March. The routine of farm life is usually: At six o'clock breakfast is on the table. The menfolk are, since five o'clock, out in the barns turning out the cattle to water—milking the cows and turning the foaming rich white fluid into the separator, which gives from one spout cream for home and butter-making use, and from another milk to fatten calves and pigs for market. After the stables are cleaned, the men breakfast, and then it is off to the fields, where ploughing, harrowing and rolling the soil goes on, followed by seeding; all of which is done by machinery under skilled orders.

The springtime work of ploughing and seeding is a preliminary canter, as compared with the bustle and activity of harvest days. Between seeding and harvesting



· A STORY WITHOUT WORDS—NO. 1. THE ARRIVAL.

comes haying time. In August the ripened fields, stretching in every direction, await the harvester. Everything depends upon getting the grain cut and housed in the great grain elevators that line the railway tracks. Down in the fields the song of the reaper is heard, and it is at this season from Eastern Canada, from the United States and Britain, come thousands of harvesters.

An army it is! Over 22,000 harvesters came into the Canadian West, at cheap railway rates, during 1906; for railway corporations regard the saving of the crops as do great governments and business people. The farm crop of Western Canada is a creative wealth, and men and women alike join hands in securing its safe return.

Breakfast at 6 a.m.; lunch in the field at 10 o'clock; dinner at the farm house at 12.30; at 4 p.m. a "snack in the field" consisting of buttered bread, cold meat, cheese, pie, cake; and hot coffee, borne in a great kettle and poured by the farm mistress, who bears away the emptied platters, only to see them well replenished at 6 p.m., when the horn sounds for supper.

Threshing Time



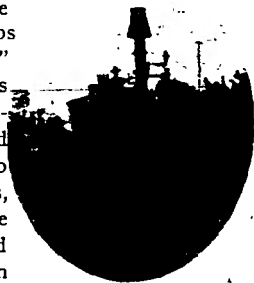
OFF FOR THE HARVEST FIELDS

Threshing time follows close on harvest days, and now dozens of harvesters are multiplied again and all must be fed. Conversation now takes a practical turn: The probable price of wheat—the plumpness of the grain—the average yield per acre—while very substantial castles (in

wheat) are the subject of mental musings! Until Christmas the threshing season does not ease up, and even then

the hum of the steam thresher is heard in the land.

Up in the farmhouse the wild call for "help" is still unanswered, and "mother" is trying to cope with the appetites of ten, twenty or perhaps thirty threshing hands. "Help" comes, but not for wages; it comes generously from the kindly neighborly "hands," for every girl and woman in the district, free to do so, comes, wearing bibbed aprons, and the bakings that go on, the boilings that follow, would lead one to think an army had overrun the land.



IN THRESHING TIME

Winter Time

This strenuous life does not, however, obtain throughout the whole Canadian year. The winter is the prairie farmer's holiday time, and holiday joys are very practical



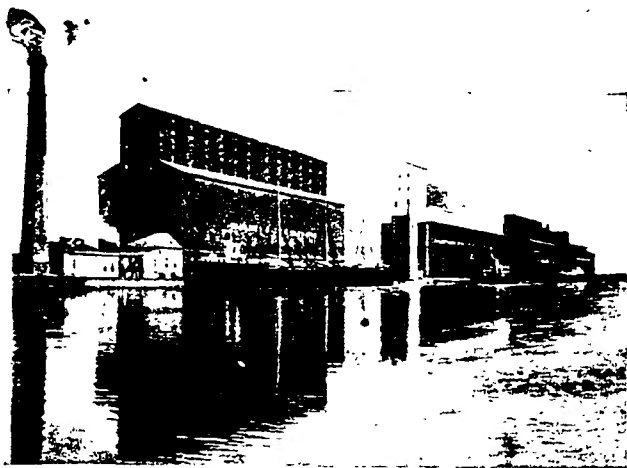
"HELP COMES, BUT NOT FOR WAGES"

in kind. Now the fuel is cut, and rails and fence posts cut and hauled. Hay and grain are drawn to town and elevator, and stock must be fed, watered and "rounded"

up, while stable cleaning and stock bedding goes on.

The farm wife in late autumn finds her duties dwindle down to the making and preserving of jams, jellies and pickles; she has then time to give to the purchasing of clothes, house furnishings, etc.—time and money, too; and her highest desire, a “trip home” on a Christmas Excursion reduced rate, given each year-end by the Canadian Pacific Railway, is an established reality now.

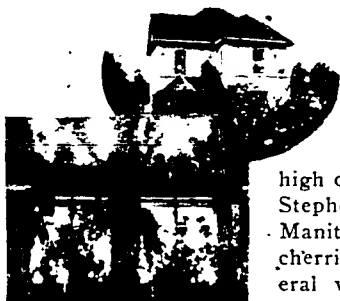
For weeks after threshing is done, the farmer is on the road hauling wheat to the elevators built to house it until such time as it is shipped to the seaboard. Day and night the roar of wheat trains is heard, and wheat trains, doing their utmost, can scarcely keep up with the supply pouring in from the millions of acres of prairie fields, the round figures of grain returns for 1906 in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta being as follows: Wheat, 94,000,000 bushels; oats, 86,000,000 bushels; barley, 20,500,000 bushels; flax, 695,000 bushels. Is it to be wondered at that western prairie farm homes send out a never-ceasing call for



C.P.R. GRAIN ELEVATORS AT FORT WILLIAM, LAKE SUPERIOR

womankind to help and to assist in this enormous annually increasing production from prairie soil?

Wild Fruits and Flower Gardens



"RUSHBROOK"

Throughout Western Canada all varieties of wild fruits grow in abundance. Strawberries, raspberries, blueberries and low-bush, as well as high-bush, cranberries. Crab-apples are cultivated to a high degree of perfection and the Stephenson orchard at Nelson, Manitoba, demonstrates how cherries, plums, pears and several varieties of apple, as also the more delicate grape, may be grown.

Rushbrook Gardens

Here you get a glimpse of the Rushbrook Gardens, which have made a name for themselves in Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. Mr. Rushbrook was found busy among his vines, and in answer to the blunt question: "Mr. Rushbrook, what capital had you when you came to Canada from Norfolk, in England?" said:

"My capital in cash was exactly two five cent pieces." Then he added: "I know several fellows who hadn't even that and got along. But I had plenty of work from the day I arrived. The gardening business to an Old Country man is a snap in Canada; profits are good and sales big and ready. The Canadian season begins May 1st; tender plants June 1st; and the season remaining open until October 15th gives ample time for growth. Things mature here twice as soon as in England. I have planted cauliflower May 1st, cut them July 1st, and then sold them for twenty-five cents (1 shilling) apiece. Last year, I made

\$50 (£10) out of ripened tomatoes alone. I also marketed 3,000 heads of celery, and my flower garden brings me in fat rewards. Just look at this, the first lemon tree grown in Manitoba," bringing out a pot containing a two-foot lemon tree with two fair-sized lemons hanging to bending branches.

The garden itself was abloom with dahlias, nicotine, phlox, asters, balsam, sweet peas a tangle, zinnia, godstar and the real Canterbury Bell. A beautiful English primrose raised glowing blossoms to the September sunlight,



THE FIRST LEMON

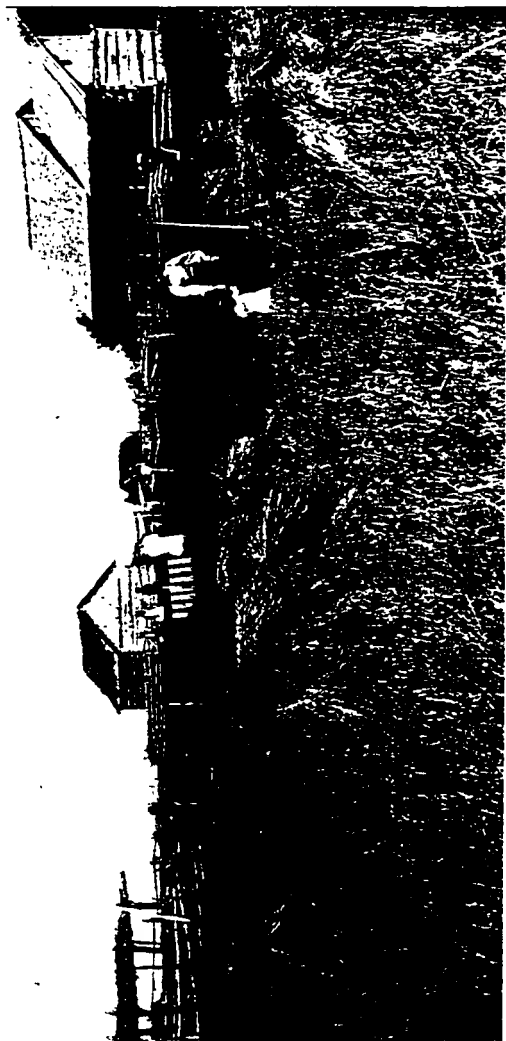
and in the rear a greenhouse sent out perfumed airs that mingled with the odor of wheat in the farm fields beyond. The Rushbrook gardens, one-half acre in size, are quite famous in their way, and with three Jersey cows, managed entirely by the wife, bring in more than a thousand dollars returns in the summer season alone. Rushbrook says: "Canada is all right for Englishmen."

The Farm Wives

A few interviews sought at random and set down verbatim express very fully the active part taken in practical farm life by the cultured and refined women who are proud to answer to the title, "Farm Wife."

A Monday at Marshall's

It is Monday morning and wash-day at the Marshall homestead in the outskirts of Regina, Saskatchewan. Unannounced, we come upon the mistress of the home busy at her wash-tub, and without any sign of haste or



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS—NO. 2. A COUPLE OF YEARS AFTER.

flurry at being "caught," Mrs. Marshall ushers her visitors into a bright sitting room furnished with such refinements as piano, flowers and books. Mrs. Marshall tells what a few years' labor in the far famed Regina district has done for them:

They now own 1,000 acres, 600 of which they work.



THE FARM WIVES
AT HOME



Four years ago their wheat crop averaged 53 bushels to the acre; a year ago the crop was so heavy it lodged, but 42 bushels to the acre were garnered. They

paid three years ago \$28 (£5 12s.) an acre for land for which to-day they are refusing \$250 (£50) an acre. This for the 234 acres nearest to the city. The Marshall property farther out, which was bought three years ago for \$20 (£4) an acre, is now in demand at \$40 (£8). This large acreage means work for the farm mistress, who works, how she works! but all uncomplainingly, because work in the great Prairie West pays, so says Mrs. Marshall.

Mrs. Lees of "Blink Bonnie"

Mrs. Thomas Lees, mistress of "Blink Bonnie," was found busy at her butter-making. Blink Bonnie lies some eight miles from Arcola in South Saskatchewan, and a beautiful farm home it is. Mrs. Lees served a unique dinner to her guests: "I have," said she, "tried to demonstrate to you how a Western Canadian farm can produce everything required for the family table. Tomato soup, served as a first course, came in substance from the fine garden without. Trout from Moose Mountain streams came from the hillside over which "Blink Bonnie" acres wander; chicken, loin of pork, beef joint, all the product of the place, while all kinds of vegetables filled a bill of fare an epicure might delight in. Preserved fruits disguised in pastry sweets came from wild plantings; while the bread, butter and cheese were home-made in every sense of the word."

"Then," exclaimed a visitor, "I am to believe that everything shown on this table except the tea and sugar is a local product?"

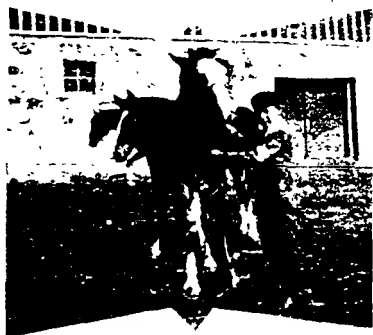
"I admit the tea is an import," said Mrs. Lees, "but Raymond, in Southern Alberta, produces the sugar, for



STARTING
CAPITAL,
ONE
SHILLING

beets grown on Alberta soil already furnish the local market with this necessary commodity."

"We are very comfortable now," said Mrs. Lees, "but we had our uphill days as well as the others. My husband



ON THE BRYCE FARM

came to Arcola with exactly one shilling capital, and for years our nearest market town was Moosomin, 80 miles away, and every purchasing trip and market day meant four days' journey by ox-cart." But to day, in this all modern house, with an equipped water service, handsome furnished apart-

ments, and a bank account on the right side, the mistress is still found busy at her churn, poultry raising, bread making and cooking, for the call for help in the prairie farm home is still unanswered.

"Doune Lodge"

Not far from Blink Bonnie stands what is one of the most perfectly appointed farm-homes in all the Prairie West. It is "Doune Lodge," and Doune Lodge, a fine stone structure with all modern equipment in water and heating, replaces a modest 12 x 14 shack which sheltered Mr. and Mrs. William Bryce when they first "struck" Saskatchewan. Within Doune Lodge every home comfort and luxury is found, and the moving spirit of this substantial home is a modest Scotch woman, whose busy hands never lay down the tools of common toil. Mrs. Bryce, assisted by her daughters, accomplishes all that one thousand acres of active farm fields call for. Owing to lack of household help Mrs. Bryce is obliged to cook,



bake, wash, scrub, 'tend poultry and a large garden as well. In the picture, "A Field Snack," you see her as the writer saw her supplying the wants of harvest hands at eleven o'clock a.m., Miss Bryce, turning her school holiday time to account, is pouring tea for the field family, and the master of Doune Lodge, as one of the "hands" partaking of this al fresco hospitality.

Within Doune Lodge you find elegantly appointed furnishings. A dinner table of polished oak, Irish linen napery, Coalport china and old family silver, testifying to educated tastes; while music, flowers and oil paintings on the walls tell how domestic cares do not bar æsthetic opportunities, for the fair mistress is in the van in church, charitable and social circles; while the hospitality of this Scottish home is known far and wide.

"The Canadian Fever"

"What brought you to Canada, Mrs. Freer?"



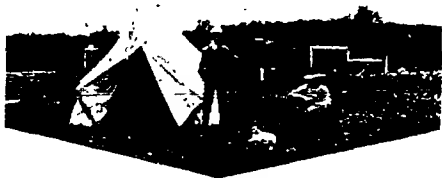
A SNACK IN THE FIELD

The wife of a former London journalist made answer: "The first Colonial Exhibition, held in London, gave my husband the Canadian fever. It proved epidemic, for many have since followed us to this section of the West; and, I

may say right here, we never regretted coming to Canada. At home our friends are still struggling—making a living, but no headway. We stand owners

of unincumbered land, stock and implements; not a penny of debt on anything, and last year we found time, after the season's work, to pay a visit to British Columbia; however, the balmy breezes and fine fruit farms of that glorious retreat, while enjoyable to a high degree, were not sufficient to draw us away from Elkhorn, in Manitoba, where we have won out."

The Freer home, with its well stocked book shelves, flowers, music and samples of art, look out upon rich acres which reach out and away to the south and west. While the visitor lingered over a pleasant chat and cup o' tea, a daughter of the house (wife of a descendant



HOW THE FREERS STARTED



MRS. DRAKE

of the Drake of British naval fame) came in and gave as her own impression of prairie farm life this opinion: "Why, yes, I consider farm life the great free life in Canada. Work is hard and continuous, but the rewards are rich and certain; and (rising as she spoke) that reminds me of the

cream at home to churn and the meals to see to," as she tripped to her carriage, standing at the farm house door.

Mrs. Tomlinson's Needs

Mrs. Eugene Tomlinson, in her neat home, "Canema," near Grenfell, Saskatchewan, says: "The want of household and field help is the only bugbear in farm life. We are struggling yet—getting along all right, and year by year adding to our capital, but I myself have for six seasons ridden the binder beside my husband, who handled another, and," she laughed, "I can do my fifteen acres in a day, too! I do this work because men are scarce and



THE MISTRESS OF "CANEMA"

getting the crop off the field is a first thought. I do all my own house work, besides milking a dozen cows, churning and making each week a hundred pounds of butter for market, and the poultry and sheep just have to look after themselves during

harvest. 'Tired,' yes, a little, but excuse me, please; I see the sheep want rounding up, so I must leave you." And away went Mrs. Tomlinson on her pony, just as you see her in the accompanying picture.

Another Cry for Woman Help

Eight miles from Winnipeg, Mrs. W. Guy Livingstone, in her home, "Assiniwa Ranche," Stony Mountain, Manitoba, proves conclusively that farm life and labor is no bar to social advancement or mental education. In Assiniwa Ranche two daughters, both artists, have assisted with the homely labors of the farm. Miss Minnie, whose picture (a bit of local color) you find on the easel before

her, is the same busy young lady you see engaged at the baking board on the same day. Mrs. Evelyn Gunne, author of "The Silver Trail" and "Spirit of the North," as well as some musical compositions, is equally skilled in bread and pie making. Both are daughters of "Assiniwa," and the mother, Mrs. Livingstone, may be found any day occupied in the common tasks of household labor. "No help!" is the cry at Assiniwa.

An Ayrshire Wife

A good example of a young woman's pluck can be found in Mrs. Will Allison, wife of an Ayrshire man, now a resident of the Elkhorn district. She is a bright-faced

little Scotch body, mistress of just two small "shack" rooms, but you need not feel sorry for her on that account. Mrs. Allison says:

"Perhaps an old-country woman, in a passing visit, might think my lot a hard one—a wife of a year and only this little shack to call home. But it is our own and so are the 240 acres of land around it—all paid for! A Scotch lassie at home on a farm works far harder than a girl on a Canadian farm. The latter has half the work, double the wages and a grand chance to settle down in a home of her own. In Scotland women milk—men do it here. There the women work in the fields, clean stables and

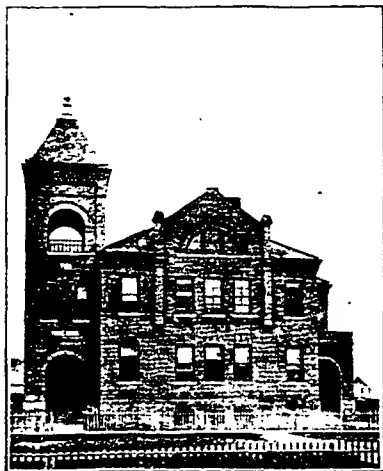


BREAD AND ART

hire by the year for a few pounds. I wonder more lassies don't come out. Canada? There is no place like it for independence gained by work."

A Devonshire Woman's Success

The face of Mrs. W. H. Holland, a Devonshire woman, member of the Barr Colony, who came to Canada in 1903, lights up with enthusiasm when you ask her to express an opinion on Canada as a homeland for British women.



A TOWN PUBLIC SCHOOL

Mrs. Holland is a business woman, showing her books in proof of the statement that she earned and paid the passage of three persons out to Canada since coming; her first year's earnings, while supporting a family of three, by dairy work in milk and butter sales, giving a net profit of six dollars per week. Mrs. Holland says: "Work? Yes,

one has got to work here in Canada, but seeing everybody else working and winning seems to inspire one and urge on to greater efforts. No British women need come out expecting to be made the richer if they don't come ready to roll up their sleeves. People at home don't know what real work means, but, again, there are no such rich returns for labor as you find in this wonderful country."

How Wealth is Won

Mrs. Lehman, wife of Chas. Lehman, who came out from Saxony in 1893, and now one of the wealthy residents of Lacombe, Alberta, says frankly:

"The Lehmans didn't make money sitting in easy chairs! I myself have done all kinds of farm work, and my girls worked like men to keep the farm going. We were without much money when we came here, eight of us, but inside of four years we had earned 100 head of cattle; then we counted 450 head and we had our homestead patent. We sold out and bought property in the town of Lacombe, paying \$18,000, and to-day \$30,000 wouldn't tempt us to sell. You should tell the people of other countries that money can be dug out of the ground in Canada, but you must take off your fine coat and dig to get it!"

Miss Gilroy's Investment

Miss Marie Gilroy's investment of \$2,000 in a half-section of land (320 acres) in the vicinity of Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, was a fortunate one. Without experience or assistance she became one of the big grain growers of the district. Miss Gilroy is one of the most written about business women in the West; her plucky venture, putting her last shilling in a prairie farm, her indomitable energy spent in a hand-to-hand tussle with fortune, and her seven years work—actual work, sitting on her binder and cutting her grain, handling the plough in the furrow and doing stable duty—flinching at no part of the work to be



AT THE GILROY PLACE

done and doing it as it should be done. Two hundred and ten acres in crop in 1906 excited the admiration of a young Briton with capital who had come to Canada to



"look around," and Miss Gilroy was induced to hand over lock, stock and barrel of her country holding for the round sum of \$15,000 (£3,000). To-day Miss Gilroy is touring Europe, taking pleasure from the

GOING HOME FROM MARKET

result of her \$2,000 investment on the prairie plains!

Miss Gilroy, when asked, "Are there no drawbacks to prairie farming?" said:

"Drawbacks? Well, yes; the drawbacks are the monied men who come out from the Old Country, spend their substance in high living, then go back and report the Canadian West as a 'failure,' not realizing the 'failure' lies in themselves."

Three Women's Work

One of the most delightful chats was with Mrs. McGilvray, of the Cottonwood, Saskatchewan, a widow who bravely came to the Canadian West twenty years ago, weighted with the care of six children. The tale is one almost beyond belief; but the penniless beginning has brought about wonderful results, for to-day, if you call upon this lady, you will find her 160 acres of "homestead" to have grown and extended to an 800-acre estate; her children you will find settled around her comfortably and in circumstances of affluence. A year ago one of the McGilvray boys sold his improved farm at a large figure,

invested the money in business in one of the "new" towns, and is to-day rated one of the progressive merchants of the Prairie West.

Regina district also boasts the bravest of women farm-owners in Widow Salome Weitman, who came with her husband and little family from Russia. Widow Weitman, on the death of her husband, kept on "trying to earn bread," as she says, and sixteen years after an ab-



MET ON THE TRAIL

solutely penniless start, stands one of the successful land owners of Saskatchewan. "Widow Weitman" is held in high esteem as a first rate business woman, whose improved farm of some 400 acres, implements, cattle and crop of 1906 give her the remarkable bank rating of \$40,000! Her children have been schooled, and a daughter is married to a prominent merchant in the city of

Regina. You'll find "Widow Weitman" at work if you call upon her, but quite ready to add her practical testimony to the Canadian West as a field for fortune!

At Lang, Saskatchewan, you will find Mrs. Middleton, who also started prairie farm life under serious difficulties; the three sons and a daughter in splendid circumstances testify to the advantages of the Canadian West as a farming land; for a valuable farm holding is that of the Middleton family, who, like the McGilvrays and Weitmans, came with no means whatever to the prairie plains. In all, the three families did not between them carry \$400, or \$26 per capita, to the Prairie West!

A Nebraska Woman's Experience

On June 5th, 1902, Mrs. Charles Draper, with a family of three, arrived at Battleford, Saskatchewan, after 744 miles overland drive in a prairie schooner from Custer Co., Nebraska.

"We felt pretty blue," said Mrs. Draper, reflectively, "when we camped on this spot, the possessors of \$25 in cash, one team and wagon. We hadn't any idea where we'd settle, but we heard so much about Saskatchewan we drove until we covered most of it, I think. My husband sold his rifle, and a friendly Canadian neighbor lent him a horse, for our team was played out from the long trip. We got through the first season without going into

debt, and our first crop of oats gave us 77 bushels to the acre. Twelve acres of wheat gave us 457 bushels, and off 10 acres in another place we garnered 380 bushels! My husband said, "Well, if this keeps on it's good-bye Nebraska" for in our old State 4 bushels per acre was an ordinary crop, while 14 bushels per acre was an extraordinary one. No, you couldn't



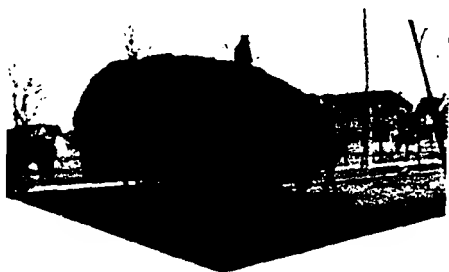
A GROUP OF HARVESTERS

hire us to go back to Nebraska; besides I'm too busy to go anywhere, for I've worked up a fine little dairy business, and I think there's a great chance for money-making."

A Yorkton Farm

Visiting the comfortable home of Mrs. Francis Bull, Yorkton, Saskatchewan, and hearing that silver-haired motherly lady sing to her own accompaniment upon the piano, you would wonder at her story of pioneer days.

Pioneer life began for her with a ninety-mile journey by ox-cart, a return trip a year later by the same slow method, and a third back to the new home, bringing a



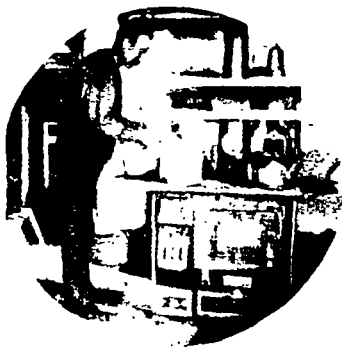
HAULING HAY

two-weeks' old baby. "Housekeeping in the early days," said Mrs. Bull, "required inventive genius. No help in field or kitchen. Children arrived and brought added work with them; why, I've carried the little ones to the fence corner, made them as comfortable as possible, and then helped stack hay, stook grain, build fences and harrow the ploughed fields, having done my housework and churning before coming out. We have kept on adding to our land, until now the farm covers 900 acres, 550 of which we cropped this year. The machinery to carry

on the work of our place has cost us about \$6,000."

A Woman Farmer

Mrs. Ferris is known as the "woman farmer" of the Portage Plains, and she is heir to the title by every right;



BACHELORS'
TRIALS

left with a family of growing children, she has most successfully carried on extensive farm operations since the death of her husband.

Mrs. Ferris comes from Belfast, Ireland, and tells

how they arrived in Manitoba 32 years ago with no capital at all; that she has helped to make capital, goes without saying, for she conducts operations on 760 acres to-day, 600 being under cultivation; and her two sons are settled near at hand, each owner of a section and a half of land, valued anywhere from forty to fifty dollars per acre.

The Ferris' carry on mixed farming, the stock and grain growing together, and the mistress of the broad acres this year reaped 30 bushels to the acre, and had her grain housed a week before other farmers around had begun to cut.



NEW ARRIVALS

The Mistress of Maviswood

Out upon the Portage Plains, a short drive brings you to "Maviswood," where one of the busiest farm-mistresses, in the person of Mrs. Fulton, welcomes the visitor.

"If you want to talk to me to-day," she said, "you'll have to take me at my work, for it is our threshing time, and I have nine men to serve dinner to in twenty minutes." Sure enough, in they trooped, led by James Fulton himself. "I've no time to talk to-day," he said, "but if you will come down to the field after dinner, you'll see facts, if you don't hear 'em, in the buzz of the binders."

The Fulton home is one of the cosiest in the Portage district, telephone connection with town—a railway at the farm gates—920 acres under cultivation—five binders at work—seven men stooking, and twenty days' threshing under way, with 17 threshers to do it.

The table fairly groaned under its load. A centre-

piece of wild flowers gathered from fields beyond; roast beef, boiled ham, every vegetable the garden produced; home-made bread, biscuits hot from the oven; tapioca pudding and apple pie, with home-made pickles made by the



JOE'S GANG OF THRESHERS

farm-mistress' busy hands. Such a clatter of plates! Such a depletion of toothsome mounds! Such humorous quips and sly sallies, and over all the intelligent air of a refined atmosphere, for in the "bunch" of laborers were high school

boys, university grads, native Indians, and the master of it all as bronzed as the hardest worker there.

In eight and twenty years' farm experience in Manitoba the Fulton brothers say they never had a single failure; but the lightest crop they raised, in 1904, averaged 16 bushels to the acre, and that, "the poorest year we had, gave us a surplus."

"Failure? we have no failures round about here," said James Fulton, "ignorance and laziness are the only drawbacks to this Western country; that and the lack of farm help. Do you know how I've solved the farm-help problem," he added. "I have a Cree Indian as manager of the farm, and 'Joe' has held the post for the last thirteen years successfully. Last year Joe's pay for the threshing season alone came to \$70, and Joe's squaw, following the binders in the field, picked gleanings which she sold for \$40."

Meantime Mrs. Fulton, assisted by a tidy maid, had laid the thresher's table inside; while "Joe" and his swarthy gang occupied an outer room, everybody eating heartily, while the lady, between trips to replenish a giant coffee-pot, told how hard it was to keep up with

the work of the farm in harvest time. "My girl," she said, "is getting married soon, and I shall be alone again. I just keep at it; that seems the only thing to do; but one misses much of the home-life when harvest work overtakes one, and there is no time for evening recreation. Even the children, as you see, are drawn into the farm work, the school holidays coming just in time to let them turn in and help.

"We've been in the West since 1873—we homesteaded—bought at \$4 an acre, and the value of farm lands now reaches \$40 (£8) per acre." Twenty-eight years' experience convinces the Fulton's that reward follows labor



THE CANADIAN KILLARNEY

well directed, for a finer home with out-buildings and finer fields, may not be found in all Canada. "We are Roxboroughshire folk," said James Fulton; "the home of Sir Walter Scott; and though we've been back three times, each time saying we'd settle on the old home, still, we always find ourselves heading again for the Portage plains."

Mrs. Grant's Experience

"Canada!" Mrs. Grant drew rein on the pony she was urging along Killarney's fair lake in Southern Manitoba, and she added slowly, "there's no such country under the sun for friendship and for warm hearts. Let me tell you

how I came to call myself a Canadian.

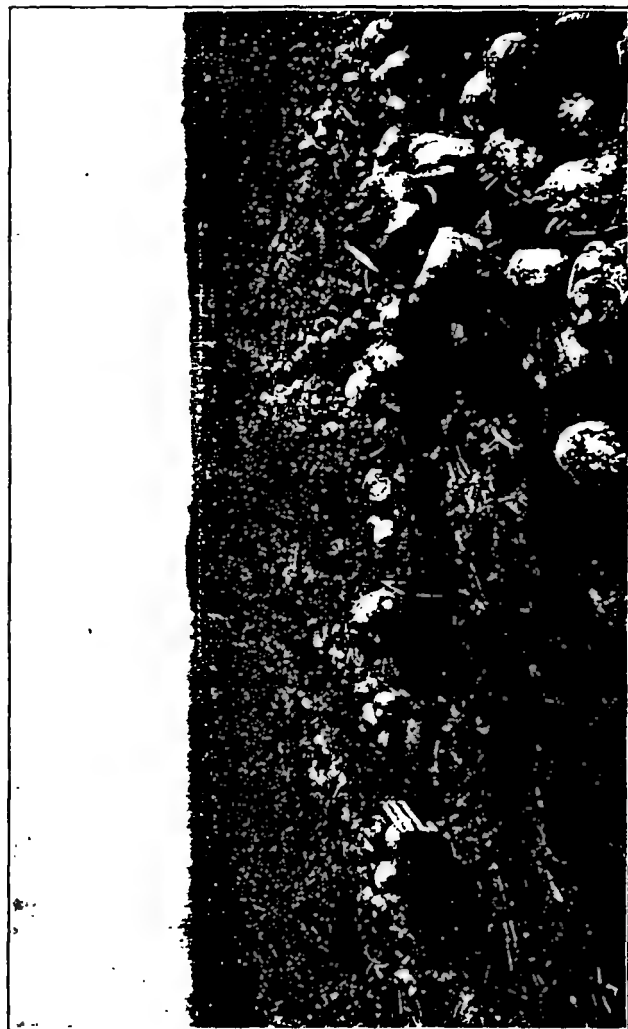
"Three years ago my son, just through college in Scotland, took a trip to America. He joined some young men touring the Canadian West, and coming to Killarney decided to settle here. I objected, strenuously, to his college education going to waste on a farm, and urged his return home; but he wouldn't come. So I came out after him, to find myself delighted with the climate, as he was, and to purchase for him our present home near this beautiful lake. A second trip home was made, and my other son and my daughter accompanied me back, and charmed with the locality, the climate and the newly-acquired acres, we began improvements.

"A year ago, just as we prepared for spring seeding, my son was stricken down by appendicitis, and in twenty-four hours lay in his coffin. My heart was broken, and a hatred of the place rose within me. Do you wonder I decided to go home, and to remain there?



A COUNTRY CHURCH

"The morning after my son was buried, while busy packing up, my daughter called to me, 'Mother! come here quick!' I looked out and saw gathered a number of men, teams and plows, the whole party without a word of explanation beginning operations on the farm. Those kind-hearted neighbors had met together and decided to put in the season's crop for us. They actually plowed, harrowed, seeded and reaped the entire crop, and this voluntary sympathetic action, granted



A FIELD OF ROOTS—25 LB. TURNIPS

without other than a whispered word, 'We want to help you if we can.'

"Yes, I write myself a Canadian now, and I am here to stay with the people who stood by me when I needed friendship!"

Mrs. Acorn's Work

A careful book record of twenty-two years of farming in Saskatchewan tells what Mrs. Nathaniel Acorn, of Prince Albert, has accomplished.

"We started out poor enough," she observed. "Then



HIS FIRST HARVEST

we had but one cow; now we are milking twenty, and my butter sales average 100 lbs. per week, and last season's sale of cattle brought \$800 in cash. One year I milked eighteen cows, turning out 100 lbs. of butter per week, which sold at an average of 27 cents a pound. My turkeys fetch 20 cents per pound, and small fruits sell well, bringing me in from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per pail."

In 1906 the Acorn farm provided the "show exhibit"

of Saskatchewan for the Agricultural Department. The exhibit included wild vetch, pea-vine, Brome grass, wild rye, slough grass, both red and white clover, barley, oats and wheat. Vegetables also, among which were four cabbages weighing 66 lbs.

A School Teacher's Testimony

Miss Eva Eniff, an Ontario girl, who came to Gren-



THE SCHOOL MA'AM
AT SCHOOL AND IN
THE FIELD

fell, Sask., to teach in 1904, gives an account of her work and her impressions of the West:

"I am three miles and a half from Grenfell. My pleasant boarding house is half a mile from the school. I

have not many pupils, but all are represented. My pupils ride or drive to school, some of them coming over two miles in all weathers. The winters are cold, but the dry air and abundant sunshine lessens its severity a very great deal.

"The salaries in this province range from \$40 to \$60 per month in rural schools, with board at about \$10 or \$12 per month. Almost all schools are open ten months in the year.

"No, I cannot say how long a lady teacher needs to stay single out here, but the trustees have to advertise very frequently for teachers."

Nursing Work in the Prairie West

An interview with Miss Drew, of London, England, who came out with the Barr colonists, and settled at Lloydminster, in Saskatchewan, tells exactly the story of the nurse on the great plains. In Miss Drew's own words: "When I accompanied the Barr colonists to Canada it was with the hope of bettering my condition, of course. London has need for many nurses, but the pay does not begin

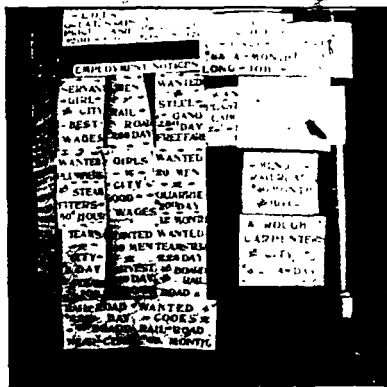
to cover one's living expenses, and hospitals are overflowing with certificated women. I accepted the office of nurse to the colonists with the idea that my work would be greatly enlarged in a new country; but when I came to Lloydminster, a place of tents and grass and sky, I found that, notwithstanding the 'hardships,' which to Londoners were not light, the men and women of the party were in the best of health. There was absolutely nothing for me



A SECOND CROP

to do; everybody ate and slept well, and everybody, barring some disappointed hopes, fairly beamed with health and happiness.

"I said to myself: 'Living here is all right, but what about my profession? So I hied me back to Winnipeg and started work there. The great kindness with which British nurses are met in Canada particularly struck me; and medical men give every encouragement. However, the new country proved everywhere a too healthy one, and I soon saw that my work, to be of remunerative value,



- SIGNS OF THE TIMES

must be turned in other channels than ordinary sick nursing. So I came back to Lloydminster, where I started to take maternity cases, and have, since coming, been kept busy.

"How I got along may be illustrated if you come and see me in my little home, a purchase made and paid for within the first year. I cleared \$700 the first year, and that to an English nurse who owns her own home means independence. I don't think there could be a healthier climate than that of the Canadian West.

Children have abounding health, and old people appear to renew their youth; the only disease I have observed at all troublesome is rheumatism, and there are special points in the West, such as Banff, in Alberta, where this trouble is treated with success. Qualified nurses can come here and take up their profession without question; Boards of Health placing no bar on outside trained nurses. No examination is necessary, and the pay is good. As high as \$25 (£5) a week is paid, while \$15 (£3) a week is the lowest I have received."

Woman dispensers should be warned against com-



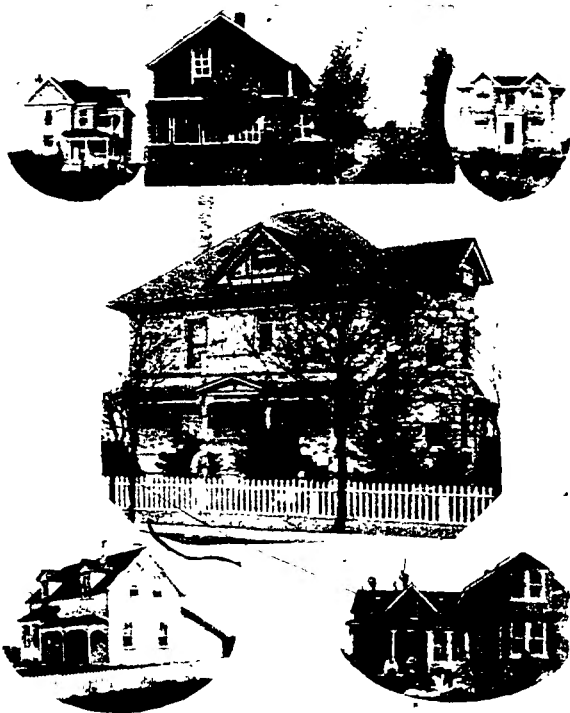
THE HAMILTON HOME

ing to Canada, as the work of this class of women is limited. English graduates will find *Materia Medica* different from home, and would, moreover, have to qualify by taking the college course of one full year, and then passing the prescribed examination, English dispensing certificates not being accepted in Canada. Few chemists in any part of Canada employ women druggists, even as sales clerks.

An Ex-School Teacher's Experience

Mrs John Hamilton presides over 920 acres of Port-

age Plains in Manitoba, her school teaching training haying been turned to cream churning and counting chickens. "Hamilton's Place" is already famous, 32 years'



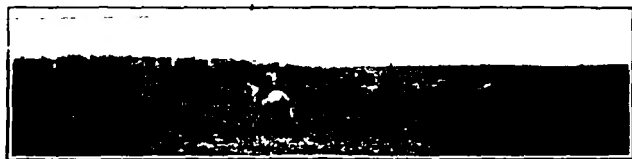
A FEW PRAIRIE HOMES

labor on its broad fields giving rich returns to its now independent owner. In 1906 Earl Grey, Canada's Governor-General, was a visitor to this beautiful home, and gave, as his opinion (while twenty-one threshers handled

the output of 400 acres' growth), that "no finer land had he seen anywhere!"

Mrs. Hamilton said: "My husband came from Co. Monaghan without a single penny of capital, without farming experience either, as he was a shop clerk 'at home.'" The McLenagan farm, adjoining Hamilton's place, recently changed hands at \$60.00 (£12) an acre.

Mr. Hamilton, whose cash turnover in 1905 was \$8,750 (£1,750), says: "We've no notion of selling out, tho' it's taken us twenty days to thresh out this year's crop, my



A CATTLE ROUND-UP

wife having but one maid, and 28 years' work of this kind hasn't tired her out yet!"

"'Tired?' no, indeed."

Expansion of the Prairie West

The incredible thing about the Prairie West is its expansion. It is almost beyond belief the way "towns" spring up and enter into competitive existence everywhere. One day a waste of wild green, the next a surveyor's stake, and a week later the blacksmith's hammer and the noise of building are heard in cheery tone! In six weeks the "town" is in full running order—a hotel, a bake shop, a "trading store," a post office, and within three months you find banks buying corner sites.

A church rears its steeple to the skies. A school-house occupies a central situation. The "village" is now on the map, and shortly incorporation will be demanded.



STARTING A NEW TOWN

Huge grain elevators follow the railway, and you have, in an incredible time, a "city" of the plains.

There are very many instances of this marvellous growth of new towns and villages throughout the Canadian West, and the rapidity with which vacant areas are filled with settlers is remarkable.

The women of the West have contributed their share to the wealth of the country, and are now enjoying the fruits of pioneer days. There are still countless opportunities awaiting others. There is a constantly increasing cry for woman's help, and those who answer it, and are willing to toil, will assuredly share in the general prosperity of the Women of the Great Canadian West.



A NEW TOWN

C.P.R. LANDS

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY have 10,000,000 acres of selected lands for sale in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Map No. 1 . . .	Winnipeg to Second Meridian.	\$ 8 to \$15 per acre
Map No. 2 . . .	South Eastern Saskatchewan, 2nd to 3rd Meridians	10 to 25 "
Map No. 3 . . .	Main Line, 3rd Meridian to Range 10 West, 4th Meridian (generally)	8 "
Map No. 5 . . .	Calgary District.	8 to 10 "
Map No. 6 . . .	Part of Alberta—Edmonton, Battle and Saskatchewan Rivers Districts —Range 11 West, 4th Meridian to Range 7, West 5th Meridian.	10 to 25 "
Map No. 7 . . .	Part of Western Saskatchewan and Eastern Alberta, 3rd Meridian to Range 10 West, 4th Meridian	10 to 25 "

Maps showing these lands in detail will be sent free on application.

All prices are subject to change without notice.

TERMS OF PAYMENT

An actual settler may purchase not more than 640 acres on the ten instalment plan by paying a cash instalment at time of purchase, interest at six per cent. on the unpaid purchase money at the end of the first year, and the balance of the principal with interest, in nine equal instalments annually thereafter, as shown in the following table:

160 ACRES	CASH PAY'T	1ST YR'S INT		
At \$ 8.00 per acre	\$191.70.	\$65.28	and nine instalments of \$160.00	
9.00	215.70	73.46	"	180.00
10.00	239.70	81.62	"	200.00
11.00	263.60	89.78	"	220.00
12.00	287.60	97.96	"	240.00
13.00	311.55	106.10	"	260.00
14.00	335.60	114.32	"	280.00
15.00	359.50	122.44	"	300.00

Purchasers who do not undertake to go into residence on the land are required to pay one-sixth of the purchase money down, balance in five equal annual instalments with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

Interest at six per cent. will be charged on overdue instalments.

F. T. GRIFFIN,
LAND COMMISSIONER

Winnipeg, December, 1900